

New Mad Tom of Bedlam.

O R,
The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,
With Powder-beef, Turnep and Carret.
Tune is *Gipsy-In-Splash*.



Forth from my sad and duchsome Cell,
Or from the deep abyss of Hell,
Mad Tom is come to turn the world again,
To see if he can ease his discomfited Brain :
Fear and care both peirce the Soul,
back haue the angry Furles bound,
Pluto hangs and Proserpine is glad,
To see poor naked Tom of Bedlam mad :
Through the world I wander night and day,
to find my straying fences,
In an angry mood I found old Time,
With's Pentarchy of Tenches,
When me he spes
Away he flies,
For time will stay for no man,
In vain with Cries,
I rend the Skies,
For pity is not common,
Cold and comfortless I lye,
Help, O help, or else I dye,
Dark I bear
Apollo's theme,
The Cartman gins to twiddle,
Chast Diana,
Bends her Bow,
The Boar begins to bellow,
Come Vulcan with tools and hatch tackle,
Gone off the stranglebone fackle.
Let Charles make ready his wain,
To bring my fences agen.

Last night I heard the Dog-Star bark
Mars met Venus in the dark,
Leaping Vulcan het an Iron-Bar,
And furiously did run at the God of War,
Mars with his Weapon laid about,
But Vulcans Temples had the Gout,
His broad horns did so hang in his sight,
He could not see to aim his Blows aright.
Mercury the nimble Post of heaven,
Staid still to see the Quarrel,
Coxet bellied Boccus Gyant-like,
befti'd a strong Beer Barrel :
To me he drank,
I did him thank,
But I could get no Syder,
He drank whole Butts,
Till he crackt his guts,
But mine were ne'r the wider.
Poor naked Tom is very dry,
A little drinck for charity :
Dark I bear
Aeon's Hounds,
The huntsman Whoops and hollows,
Ringing Ropier,
Bowman bowler
At the Chase now follows,
The Man I b'woon drinks Claret,
With Powder beef Turnep and Cartet,
A Cup of old Malago Sack,
will fire the Bush at his back.

(W Thackeray on T. Persinger.)

(1070 - 80)